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AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

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ALMIRA AND ALONZO.

ROMANTIC tales often appear in print; and when they convey a good moral, and are calculated to instruct the mind, they become not only amusing but useful. When REALITY, without the aid of FICTION, can teach the unsuspecting female to shun the snare of the hypocrite, and draw the tear of sympathy from the soul of sensibility, certainly TRUTH should have the preference. The following story may be depended on, as it is literally true, and many persons now living, were witnesses to the principal facts.

ALMIRA was the daughter of a gentleman in one of the West-India islands. At an early age she lost her father, and was left under the care of her mother with a handsome fortune. Nature had bestowed a pleasing person, and her remaining parent endeavoured, by a good education, to improve the charms which she had received. At the age of 18 she went to the island of St. Thomas, on a visit to an aunt, where she had the misfortune to become acquainted with ALONZO, a young man who kept a store opposite to her aunt's; and contrary to that lady's wishes, she gave him her hand. It is to be supposed her friends resented this ill-fated marriage; but from some of her papers, it is certain they were reconciled to her; she did not, however, receive her fortune. The inclination her husband expressed of seeing America, prevailed on her to accompany him to this continent. At New-York they were treated with attention—received with uncommon politeness by the Virginians—and witnessed equal hospitality from the Carolinians. They were several times in company with the illustrious Washington—and passed the winter and spring perfectly agreeable in the Southern States.

The beginning of summer Alonzo's finances became straitened, in consequence of his extravagancies, and it was necessary to change the scene. He had contracted a

considerable debt, and discovered a disposition to defraud his creditor. He arrived at Boston the first of June, and leaving his wife at board, hired a horse and chaise, in which he proceeded as far as Falmouth; and tried to sell the carriage in several places, but without success. Hither he was pursued, overtaken by his creditor, and conveyed to Old York goal, the 12th of June, 1786.

Notwithstanding his endeavors to leave Almira in Boston, among strangers, without money, and then in a truly delicate situation; the moment he was committed to gaol, he lamented their separation in the most pathetic terms, and wrote her an account of his confinement. The instant Almira received his letter, she set out for Old York, and travelled in a very expeditious manner; and when she arrived, chose confinement with him in a dirty mean apartment, rather than return to the West-Indies without him. The noxious air of a prison, and the alteration of living, affected her health. Although her situation was such as required incessant attention, she took a journey to Boston, in hopes of procuring her husband the liberty of the yard. In this attempt she was unsuccessful. Upon a second journey, some gentlemen, remarkable for their humanity, touched with her distress, became bail for Alonzo, and procured his enlargement. She returned to York, transported with this account, and had the pleasure of seeing a beloved partner, thus freed from close durance, once more enjoying the sweets of society. But so unworthy the name of MAN, was this husband, that the Saturday night after his release, he broke his bonds—left his generous bondsmen to pay his bail—and a wife who had left her friends and country for him, fatigued herself to procure his discharge, and voluntarily preferred imprisonment with him, to freedom and fortune without him, the wretch scrupled not to leave in a land of strangers, without cash, and within a few months of inevitable sickness.

But all this she bore without repining or murmuring. Her firm reliance on his honor—her love—and her natural fortitude—supported her. From the gaol-keeper and family she received every kindness and attention that was in their power to afford. Her situation awakened the tender

feelings of the human heart—she was pitied and visited by every body—she behaved with propriety, and though she could not be cheerful, did not complain. Her sorrows were increased by the perfidy of a young man that was a native of the same island with herself; by him she sent letters to her friends in the West Indies, and desired him to forward her trunk of clothes and other necessaries which she had left at Salem. The first news she had of him, was, that he had sold her clothes, and appropriated the money to his own use.—This usage distressed her gentle heart, already bowed down by misfortunes. But the birth of a little daughter in September, seemed to inspire her with fresh hope, and beam a gentle ray of pleasure on her sufferings:—Short indeed was the transient gleam—her heart was almost broke before—and finding she received no letters from her friends, she sunk under the complicated evils of sickness and affliction. Her infant Caroline no more gave pleasure—being unable to tend her herself, or procure sufficient help.—Weakness and grief brought on a disorder which put a period to her existence on the 3d of April, 1787. When she was to appearance dying, and sunk in a short slumber, one of the women who attended her, lamented her hard fate, and deprecated her husband as the author of her death, saying that her heart was broke by that villain Alonzo. "Don't say so," said the dying wife, "don't call my husband a villain, he is not to blame." These were her last words—she saw her little Caroline, and prest her cold lips to the infant's cheek—she could not speak, but raised her dying eyes to him who is the father of orphans.—Good God! what a scene—a parent struggling in death, to behold the infant in the hands of strangers—deserted by its father—apparently neglected by her friends—what must be the feelings, the agonizing feelings of her soul! Where is the being, among the lordly sex, who would have behaved with such fortitude—have expressed such a forgiving spirit, and given up the last gasp without a single reflection.

Three days after her death she was decently interred; and every female of distinction appeared as a mourner at her funeral. Never was I present at a scene

that raised such a complication of passions—those lines from the noblest of poets were constantly in my thoughts :

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd."

A few weeks after her death, letters arrived from her friends, full of tenderness, regretting her distance, and promising to pay every expense that she should be at, desiring to see her as soon as possible. Such a letter, could it have been timely received, would have saved her life; had it come but the day before her dissolution, it would have soothed her soul to peace, and strewed the thorny path to death with roses.—But it was the will of God, and it is wrong to repine.

Little Caroline was placed at board, where she was treated with every tenderness; and as the gentleman who took care of her, received letters from Almira's friends, desiring him to bring in all his accounts, (as he had been at great expense for her) he fitted out a vessel and went to the West-Indies.—When arrived there he received his pay in a very honourable manner, with large presents for the child, and directions to send her over as soon as her age would permit.—But alas! he never returned, nor was he ever heard of more—swallowed up, undoubtedly, by the raging ocean, himself and crew felt a sacrifice to the wind and waves; and his family left to mourn the loss of a kind husband and an affectionate parent.

How must the heart be shocked to look back, and trace the evils to their origin; where we find that by the villainy of one abandoned man, his wife was left to die among strangers—his child, a helpless orphan, without friends on the continent—three women and ten children deprived of their protectors—and three promising young men, in the full vigor of youth and health, are now mourned by their parents, all fallen a sacrifice to the inhuman Alonzo!

Ye last! best! fairest work of God! whilst the tear of sympathy trembles in your eye, as revolving Almira's hapless fate—whilst the involuntary curse descends on the head of Alonzo—remember! had the still small voice of age, the gentle whispers of maternal fondness, been heard, the much lamented inhabitant of the silent tomb, might have gladdened a parent's heart at the present moment; or, happy with the man of wisdom's choice, have smiled raptures on a beloved offspring. Your spotless bosoms, the seat of honor, constancy, and truth, unsuspecting of deceit, unpractised in guile, admit too flattering ideas of men, and draw a picture of angelic virtue from yourselves of them. Few indeed, are deserving the confidence they obtain. Caution and circumspection

ought ever to be on the watch, and externally pleasing appearances examined with an eagle's eye.

—♦♦♦—

OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE WAY TO FAME.

THE rubs and difficulties which the public throw in the way of a genius at his first appearance, are frequently too great to be surmounted.

We are apt to form our opinion of a man's abilities, by his resemblance to some other man of reputation in the art or science he professes. A painter, musician, or author, perfectly new, we are afraid to commend; like hounds, we wait for the opening of one whose cry we may venture to follow. But it should be remembered that a sure mark of a genius is originality. As he is original, and therefore new, perhaps it may be necessary to conquer some prepossessions before we can judge of his merit; and as he is generally incapable, from that modesty which so frequently attends ability, of insisting on his own excellencies, the world should take that task from him. But does it so? Or from the fear of commending hastily, leave a being to languish in obscurity, which should be protected and encouraged. The greatest part of those who seem to have been born to make mankind happy, were themselves miserable. A melancholy catalogue might be made of these. If we know any thing of Homer, it is that he ran about ballad-singing. Poor, unhappy, half-starved Cervantes, Camoens, Butler, Fielding! Does it not grieve you to be told that the author of Tom Jones lies in the Factory's burying-ground at Lisbon, undistinguished, unregarded—not a stone to mark the place! And would it not raise our indignation to behold stately monuments erected for those whose names were never heard of, until they appeared in the epitaph?—were they not considered rather as monuments of the sculptor's art, than as preserving the memory of the persons whose dust they so pompously cover?

The instances of those original geniuses, who in their life-time have enjoyed the public applause and lived by it, are very few—indeed I cannot recollect any, Garrick excepted. I do not consider Virgil or Pope in this light; they are not original. It is true Shakespeare lived well enough, but the money he got was by acting, not writing. Milton was in tolerable circumstances, but if he had nothing more to depend on than the profits arising from the sale of the finest poem in the world, he must have been starved.

It is common when we speak of a genius, to say, he will not be valued until he is dead—not that his death is essential to his reputation; but there is a necessity of his being known and understood, before he can be esteemed; and it generally hap-

pens that life is of too short duration for that purpose—

"But the fair guerdon when we hope to find
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears
And flits the fine-spun life."—

—♦♦♦—

A RAINY DAY.

From the French.

—"Tis a rainy day, and prevents our enjoying the sweets of Nature," said Maria: "write upon it."

"Yes," said I, "I will; and the nectar of thy soft lips (on which I at that moment feasted) gave birth to sentiment. I regret it is a rainy-day, in as much as it prevents me from enjoying that company which I prefer to the name of Bonaparte. Ah! yes, an age of fond embraces and tender tales of love are flown forever! never—never more to return! But what shall I say? What can I do? I must bow beneath misfortunes, and, by suffering, conquer them. Continue but to feed that spark of hope which glows in my bosom, and I would not exchange situations with an Emperor. Every time I see the name or the person of my beloved, a sensation thrills through the soul, which only those who are capable of loving to an excess can form an idea of. To the happiness I experienced yesterday,* you can only add that of your hand, at the altar of Hymen: your heart, your affections, I already possess—bless not, my dearest, to own it—it will ever be the first and most powerful impulse, which can rest on the mind unchangeable, for me to prove that my highest glory and ambition will be to render myself worthy of your charms. It is you, you alone, who can influence the weather for or against me; and, were I not afraid of your suffering by the comparison, I would style you that fine ether which influences the barometer of the passions. If you smile, the mercury stands at joy or fine weather; if you frown, it descends even to storms or despair; reserve, answers unsettled weather; but in kindness, the fluid ascends to the top of the tube. Be assured then, my adored, that I prefer sunshine and rain, only as they shall be the means of adding to the felicity which the dearest of all beings is alone able to give; and in such cases only do I prefer either; it is your company and conversation which creates sunshine in the soul; therefore if, literally fair or rainy weather add five minutes more of your company to that which in the other case I should have enjoyed, it is that state of the atmosphere which, of all others I covet, and esteem the most; and which will continue so long as Maria shall be sensible that the most fervent and faithful of friends and lovers are centered in the person of—Maria's, for ever, N. P.

Verailles.—Under Maria's own roof,
on her desk and seat,—July 22, 1801.

* The time when he obtained a formal conf

FEMALE BEAUTY, AND ORNAMENTS.

THE ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and those of the Indies paint them red. The blackest teeth are esteemed the most beautiful in Guzurat, and in some parts of America. In Greenland, the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of a she-goat; and, to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any competition between the princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries the mothers break the noses of their children; and, in others, press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a very strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of these disgusting locks. The Indian beauty is thickly smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks, or wreaths of flowers, but warm and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China, small eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows, that they may be small and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose colour.

An ornament for the nose appears to us quite unnecessary; the Peruvians, however, think quite otherwise, and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green chrystal, gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried, in some countries, to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person: the wings, spread out, fall over a part of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantfes is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their head a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad: with this they cover their hair and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

To this curious account, extracted from Duhalde, we must join that of the inhabitants of the Land of Natal. They wear caps or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then anoint their head with a purer grease, which, mixing with the hair, fastens these bonnets on for their lives.

FEMALE DRESS.

An elegant simplicity is to be preferred to a load of finery and tawdry ornaments. Many women little imagine how much dress is expressive of their characters; vanity, levity, and sluttishness, often appear through it. An old Spanish proverb says, "Tell me what sort of books a man reads, and what company he keeps, and I will tell you what manner of a man he is;" but I think we may with greater propriety say, Tell me how such an one dresses, and I will tell what sort of man he is. It would be a more certain way to discover the secret bias of each person; it is a kind of index to the mind. Upon the STAGE we see the strictest and most exact attention is paid to what they call dressing their characters. The Fop has his solitaire, the Quaker her pinched cap and little black hood, the Courtesan is decked with every tawdry ornament to allure. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always most easy, and the least studied. Women ought to accustom themselves to an habitual neatness. The finest woman in the world shews her beauty most by endeavoring to conceal it.

A STUTTERING WAG.

A PERSON once knocked at the door of a college-fellow, to enquire the apartment of a particular gentleman. When the Fellow made his appearance, "Sir, (said the enquirer) will you be so obliging as to direct me to the rooms of Mr. —" The Fellow had the misfortune to stutter; he began, "S-S-Sir, pl-pl-please to go to— and then stopped short. At length collecting all his indignation to the tip of his tongue, he poured out a frightful expression; adding, as he shut the door, "You will find him, sooner than I can direct you."

MORAL PHENOMENA.

THERE are persons, who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters. There are men who will distribute money to all, except to their creditors. And there are wives, who love any man better than their husbands. Duty is a familiar word, which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds are in a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valour, self denial, and bounty, when smaller pains would constitute greater virtues.

OF PLEASURE AND PAIN.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, a part arises from sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is, in a great measure, apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove, one of the great arts of escaping all superfluous uneasiness, is, to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others, on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see, every day, beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice at their own lot.

Original Communication.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

PLEASE to insert the following for the amusement of the readers of the Ladies' Cabinet—a solution of which is requested.

A BASKET OF FLOWERS,
Enigmatically expressed.

1. One half of a celebrated female author, and two ninths of a duodecimal division of the year.
2. One third of an essential article in female attire, two fourths of a preposition, and one fourth of the name of a sovereign.
3. Four sevenths of a seaman, and four ninths of a bird.
4. Two sixths of a domestic fowl, and a part of the face.
5. Two fourths of an appellation, one fourth of a rude girl, three sevenths of a receptacle of water, and three eighths of a state of uncertainty.
6. A musical instrument, and two fifths a subtle element.
7. A defence, a rise of water, and two sixths of the sea-holly.
8. The name of a vessel, and four sixths of a disease.
9. Two fourths of a majestic animal, and two elevenths of a species of madness.
10. Two sixths of a short sword, one third an insect, two thirds of an enemy, and three ninths of assiduity.
11. One half of a lover, four sixths of a well known tree, a vowel, and two eighths of an imaginary unfading flower.
12. Three fifths of the lading of a ship, four sixths of an original inhabitant, and half of a beautiful gem.

HERMIA.

Died,

In this town, Mr. WILLIAM HARVEY, æt. 87.

Patronage for a second volume of this publication, is solicited. July 12.



EXTRACT

From the Village Curate, a poem.

Now comes JULY, and with his servid noon
Unnerves the hand of toil. The mower sleeps—
The sun-burnt maid rakes feebly—the hot swain
Pitches his load reluctant—the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow encumber'd wain. The hedge-row now
Delights, or the still shade of silent lane,
Or cool impending arbour, there to read,
Or talk and laugh, or meditate and sleep.

There let me sit and see the brewing storm,
Collect its dusky horrors, and advance
To bellow sternly in the ear of night;
To see th' Almighty electrician come,
Making the clouds his chariot. Who can stand
When he appears? The conscious creature flies,
And skulks away, afraid to see his God
Charge and recharge his dreadful battery.
For who so pure his lightning might not blast,
And be the messenger of justice? Who
Can stand expos'd and to his judge exclaim,
'My heart is cleansed, turn thy storm away.'
Fear not, ye fair, who with the naughty world
Have seldom mingled. Mark the rolling storm,
And let me hear you tell, when morning comes,
With what tremendous howl the furious blast
Blew the large shower in heavy cataract
Against your window; how the keen, the quick,
And vivid lightning quiver'd on your bed,
And how the deep artillery of heaven
Broke loose, and shook your coward habitation.
Fear not; for if a life of innocence,
And that which we deem virtue here below,
Can hold the forked bolt, ye may presume
To look and live. Yet be not bold, but shew
Some pious dread, some grave astonishment.
For all our worthy deeds are nothing worth,
And if the solemn tempest cut us short,
In our best hour, we are in debt to heaven.

So when the trumpet blew and waxing loud
And louder still, became exceeding loud,
That all the people trembled, and the mount
Smok'd at the touch of God, and shook, a voice
Commanded priests and people to beware,
Not to break thro' and gaze, lest the pure God,
Whose spotless nature cannot brook the sight
Of aught un sanctified, break forth and slay.

The storm subsided, and the day begun,
Who would not walk along the sandy way
To smell the shower's fragrance, see the sun
With his sheer eye ascend the zenith joyous,
Mark the still rumbling cloud crowding away
Indignant, and embrace the gentle breeze,
That idly wantons with the dewy leaf,
And shakes the pearly rain-drop to the ground.
How sweet the incense of reviving flowers!
Ye must abroad, ye fair. The angry night
Has done you mischief. Ev'ry plant will need
Your kindly aid to rear its falling head.

Adieu, ye fair, we leave you to your task.
Rear'd by your hands alone, the fairest flower
Shall have a ruddier blush, a sweeter fragrance.

ELIZA'S GHOST.

Now night in fable vestments clad,
Gloom'd horrible around;
And night's dull bird, with hideous yell!
Scream'd through the dark profound.

When in a dungeon's damp recess,
The wretched *Jason* lay!
Where walls impenetrably thick,
Had long obscur'd the day.

Sudden!—*Eliza's* well known form,
Erect before him stood;
Pale horror seiz'd his quiv'ring limbs,
And chill'd the purple flood.

Dead was the lustre of that eye,
That once expressive beam'd;
And fled the roses of those cheeks,
That once so lovely seem'd.

A winding sheet of purest white,
Her limbs encircled round;
Save where her snowy bosom bare,
Display'd a ghastly wound.

And all adown her ivory limbs,
The purple current streams;
And thrice he hears her hollow groans,
And thrice her dying screams.

Then wildly staring all around,
With aspect wild she cries,
"Go, wretched man and view the ground,
Where your *Eliza* lies.

"How could that cruel heart of thine,
Devise a deed so fell?
How murder her whose only crime
Was loving you too well?

"As hand in hand abroad we walk'd,
Upon that fatal day;
And much of mutual love we talk'd,
And thus beguil'd the way.

"And thus beneath a shady grove,
Upon the tufted green;
We rest our wearied limbs, and view
The beauties of the scene.

"The birds that hopp'd from spray to spray,
Or flit through the grove;
The little songster's artless lay,
That warbled notes of love.

"Nor birds that hopp'd from spray to spray,
Or through the branches fly;
Or sweetly warbled notes of love,
Was half so blest as I.

"No anxious care-corroding thought,
Could o'er my bosom move;
Nor did I dream the youth I loved,
Would soon my murd'rer prove.

"Then while you clasp'd me in your arms,
And to your bosom press'd,
Sudden, you seiz'd the murd'ring knife,
And plung'd it in my breast!

"I scream'd, but ah, no friend was found,
The purple stream to stay;
The spirit issues at the wound,
And flits in air away.

"Now cruel man thyself prepare,
To meet the murd'rer's doom;
For know, to warn thee of thy death,
Compell'd by fate I come."

Farmington, May 18.

LEANDER.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY J. M. S.

SEE glowing ether sheds one boundless blaze!
Unclouded Phœbus darts intense his rays.
Mercy! not one kind breeze? ye clouds arise,
Melt in soft showers, and mitigate the skies.
Enough! I hear the distant thunder's voice,
Rejoice! it pours amain, ye grateful fields rejoice!

For the Merrimack Magazine.

A COMPARISON.

Addressed to Mrs. S. W.—m.

SWEET stream that winds thro' yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng,
With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destin'd course.
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure bosom'd as that wat'ry glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

OCTAVIA.

THE CHARMING CREATURE.

As t'other day, in harmless chat,
With Sylvia I was walking,
Admiring this, admiring that,
Together sweetly talking;
Young Damon met us in the grove,
With joy in ev'ry feature;
He prest my hand, then whisper'd love,
O what a charming creature!

His passion oft times he express'd
In words so soft and kind,
I felt a something in my breast,
But doubts were in my mind.
I told him he with Poll was seen,
And sure he came to meet her;
He vow'd I was his only queen,
O what a charming creature!

To yonder church, then shall we go?
He prest me to comply;
(How can the men thus tease me so?)
I try'd from him to fly:
And will my Delia name the day,
Let Damon kindly greet her?
Thus closely prest, what could I say
To such a charming creature?

NEW JEWELRY STORE.

I. D. TREADWELL,

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he has taken the store, lately improved by
Mr. A. Tappan, No. 8, Water-street,

Where he offers for sale, a handsome assortment of
GOLD and GILT JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
HARD WARE, CUTLERY,
and BRITANNIA WARE,

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